

MISS GRETTA POMEROY THE AMERICAN BIANA THE DARING HORSE WOMAN ASSISTANT MASTER OF THE HOUNDS AND SOME OF HER SISTERS OF THE SADDLE



MRS. GOOCH ON HORSEBACK



MISS BELLE BEACH RIDING MRS. E. C. KIRKLAND'S CHAMPION PRIZE WINNER

THE foremost sportswoman of the Four Hundred is a title of honor which many of society's best known women have striven for without avail. But a young New York girl has been so acclaimed in the last few weeks by general consent. Miss Gretta Pomeroy is her name and she has won her place by some of the most daring and strenuous feats ever performed by a woman in the pursuit of sport. The latest testimony to her skill is her selection as assistant master of hounds of the Monmouth County Hunt, which meets at Newport, and of which that veteran cross country rider, Mr. P. F. Collier, is master.

This is an honor never before bestowed on an American woman. Although the feats on horseback of such expert equestriennes as Mrs. George Law, Mrs. James L. Kernochan, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Mrs. Snowden, of Philadelphia, and the other famous riders of the four hundred have made their prowess on the back of a hunter very highly respected, and their companionship in the hunting field welcomed, no American woman has hitherto proved herself such a master of fox hunting that she has been entrusted with any part of the management of the pack. It is true, although fox hunting has been popular in England for hundreds of years and young girls are brought up to ride at five barred fences and twenty foot streams and think no more of it than of their A. B. C's, that no woman has ever been elected to the management in any detail whatsoever of an English hunt pack. Racing in automobiles is just now the most popular fad of the hour with the masculine part of society, but as yet women have not ventured to drive cars at railroad speed, and as a consequence riding after hounds is the most stirring, dangerous and exciting pastime our women can enjoy.

Strength, Pluck and Skill.
Let those who wish to carp at American spirit say what they will—that the youth of the country is becoming effeminate or that courage and vigor are dying out—there is no question in the mind of the intelligent observer that never in the history of this country have courage and expertness in the sports which require pluck as well as strength and skill been so plentiful as to-day.

Consequently, being chosen assistant master of the fox hounds of the Newport pack is the highest approval of a woman's sportsmanship which could be given.

Another illustration of how highly honor of this kind is prized by the maids and matrons of the Four Hundred is strikingly shown by a despatch of last week from Newport, which stated that a dozen or more young women belonging to the smartest families of the cottage colony had been playing golf, swimming, rowing, driving and playing tennis with such ardent devotion that they had seriously interfered with their health, and that their parents had decided to send them away to some quieter place, where the strain of competition and the ever present desire to excel their friends in feats of strength, endurance and skill would be taken from them and they could be satisfied to take their exercises and pleasures in moderation.

If honor in such quiet sports is so eagerly sought that in its pursuit numbers of girls have ruined their health, what must be the incentive to them when the sport they are pursuing is the acme of the sportsman's ideal? The honors which come to the winner are increased tenfold over

those which come to the winner at tennis or golf.

Small wonder it is, in view of these facts, that scarcely a meeting of a big hunt pack takes place without some one or other being thrown and hurt more or less seriously. The only wonder in such a connection is that more really serious if not fatal accidents do not take place, for when a girl, full of fire, grit and enthusiasm, is mounted on a dashing thoroughbred, sweeping swiftly across country with her hair flying and the wind whistling past her ears, every nerve tingling and every drop of blood in her body surging through her veins, there is no time or inclination to stop and think of danger or difficulty. It is dash ahead and trust to luck, and in view of the very infrequent accidents comparatively either the luck or the skill of our cross country riders is extraordinary.

Miss Pomeroy is a New Yorker, the daughter of Mrs. Charles C. Pomeroy, who has a town house at No. 355 West End avenue. Miss Pomeroy has been out in society four or five years and she is one of the most original of the society coterie of dashing and tireless spirits. For her nothing is ever too dangerous, too fatiguing. She is ready to dance all night; follow the hounds from daybreak till noon; drive, or play golf or tennis in the afternoon and dazzle a table full of wits by the brilliancy of her conversation at dinner. And she will do this day after day with no apparent thought of rest or of fatigue.

Excellent Rifle Shot.

Shooting is a sport at which she is scarcely less expert than she is at cross country riding, and it was her skill in this particular which first brought her into the public eye. The event happened in this way. In the spring of '99 Miss Pomeroy went with a large party to Colorado in a private car for the purpose of shooting big game. While the trail over which their quarry led them was frequently so rough and difficult that the other feminine members of the party gave up the chase on numerous days, Miss Pomeroy never failed once to keep up with the swiftest and hardest of the men.

Finally one day, just out of Glenwood Springs, in Colorado, they came upon the trail of an enormous grizzly bear. Miss Pomeroy was unanimously voted to be allowed to have the first shot. Finally, after a long chase, the bear was brought to bay a hundred yards or so from the party. Miss Pomeroy calmly raised her rifle, aimed for the fraction of a second, and then put a bullet squarely through a vital spot, and the bear toppled over as dead as the proverbial "door nail."

Such a wonderful exhibition of pluck, skill and coolness combined had never been seen in that country before, and it was considered the more wonderful in that it was shown by a resident from the East—a "lenderfoot," as the natives contemptuously call the Easterners. This was only one of a series of skillful exhibitions with her rifle which Miss Pomeroy gave on that trip, and she has since demonstrated that her skill at that time was no accident.

She has won numerous swimming races at Newport, and Narragansett Pier, while at golf and tennis, although she has never cared to play in the national women's championships, she has beaten badly in private matches the Newport representatives who have competed in the national tournaments.

Fine Swordswoman

According to M. Jacoby, the fencing master, who has taught and fenced with all the best masters in the world, Miss Pomeroy wields as "fine" a foil as any woman in the world. In fact, he considers her by all odds the finest woman fencer in the United States, and has said that she could meet any man in the country on equal terms with a very fair chance of defeating him.



Another of her accomplishments is that she is a very good amateur actress, and at the time, two years ago, when Mrs. George J. Gould gave a very ambitious amateur play at Georgian Court Miss Pomeroy played one of the leading roles with only a small degree less skill than that evinced by Mrs. Gould herself.

On August 16, 1901, Miss Pomeroy was announced to be engaged to Mr. Philip Clarke, formerly a resident of St. Louis, but now a prominent New Yorker. He has the distinction of being perhaps the most intimate friend of Mr. Clarence F. Mackay.

at the horse shows. In fact, this daring young woman is considered one of the very best and most spirited of horsewomen. She is perfectly fearless in the saddle, and on this account has come very near meeting with accidents, but, fortunately, her pluck and skill have saved her from them.

Miss Mary Deering spends her summers at Long Branch, where she displays a keen interest in the annual show. At other times she joins in the hunts and general horseback gayeties, and can always be counted on to add to the charm and smartness of Ocean Drive.

At Lenox Miss Kate Carey is the foremost horsewoman, while at the Meadow Brook runs Mrs. James L. Kernochan, as every one knows, is the most indefatigable rider and usually the first in at the finish. Rain never discourages this remarkable woman, though the spirit and endurance she shows sometimes have the effect of discouraging her masculine competitors in the saddle.

Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., has taken some difficult jumps at Hempstead which have become a part of the history of that popular hunting ground, while at Aiken her horse is seldom absent from the ride to hounds.

At the Monmouth County hunt may be seen some remarkable following of the chase, as well as real riding, since it has grown to be the fashion for society women to turn out in their automobiles and carriages and dash over the roads in pursuit of the mounted men and women. Very often the run takes them nearly a dozen miles, with not less than a hundred jumps, some of which are considered extremely stiff, so that following, though sometimes difficult, gives one the chance to see riding that is better than any exhibition work offered.

It is gratifying, too, to the hunters for women who do not ride to take an interest in this favorite sport and it encourages them to do their best.

MISS MAY DEERING ON FRENCH PARK



MRS. BLAISDELL MORRISTOWN N.J. RIDING MRS. FRANCIS A. HUMPHREY'S SAPHIRE.

MISS MARION HOLLOWAY ON VALLEY QUEEN 1ST. PRIZE

Where Mother-in-Law Reigns.

"FOREIGN devils," as Europeans are courteously termed in China, are not greatly welcomed in Chinese houses, especially by the women. "What is your venerable age?" will probably be the first inquiry made by your host or hostess, as the case may be. It is the correct thing to show an interest in the most personal details of the visitor's life and doings. To this question the correct reply is, "I have lived in vain for years," and the more years you mendaciously add to your real age the greater will be your respectability in Chinese eyes. If you are a man the possession of a flowing beard—which in China is usually a mark of advancing years—will add very materially to the respect with which you are regarded. Not only your own age, but that of your relatives will be discussed, as will also your income and other matters about which truthful answers will probably not be forthcoming.

Early in your visit you will be invited to take tea, which will be presented in tiny cups, without sugar or cream, but possessing a delicacy of aroma quite unknown in the West. Bird's nest soup, made from the gelatinous nests of the edible swallow; stewed tripping, or sea slug; ragout of rats; fricassee of frogs;

lamb stewed in syrup of almonds, and even loin of puppy—all these, and many equally fearsome dishes, may be set before you.

Among the villagers and the poor folks who form the river population the fare is meagre in the extreme. Their staple food consists of steamed rice, rendered more savory by a bit of salt fish or a scrap of pork fat. But the European visitor is not at all likely to sample this diet.

In the homes of the middle class the mother-in-law reigns supreme. But it is the husband's mother in this case, and it is the wife who has to bear the brunt of it. Her first duty of the day is to rise early and prepare tea for her husband and mother-in-law, after which she generally superintends the work of the domestic slaves, shouting her orders and showing a somewhat shrewish disposition. This is not the time to see the lady at her best.

The afternoon is usually spent in embroidery and other kinds of needlework, while in the evening the ladies sit in the courtyard watching the children at play, gossiping and smoking. Widows of some little education are sometimes employed to read novels and play to their mistresses, and in this way many of them earn a comfortable living.